

Good ① Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

A PERSONAL MESSAGE FROM REAR ADMIRAL C. B. BARRY, D.S.O.

—ADMIRAL (SUBMARINES)

Office of Admiral (Submarines).

I HAVE pleasure in introducing "Good Morning" a daily paper published specially for the crews of British submarines on operational patrols.

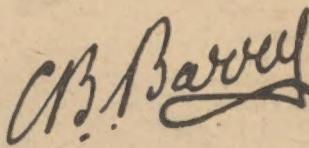
Some well-wishers in Fleet Street are responsible for this unique publication. Sometime ago the Chairman of a well-known newspaper approached the Admiralty with the suggestion that his newspaper should provide a daily magazine-newspaper for our submarines, as some expression of their gratitude for the services of British submarine officers and men in this war. He felt that a novelty of this kind might help considerably to provide topical and interesting reading in spells off duty while on patrol. He suggested that it would be a pleasant and "homely" touch to supply submarine crews with a daily paper which they could open each morning, or whenever their day began—as though they were on shore.

The proposal was approved by the Admiralty, and Admiral Sir Max Horton, the then Admiral (Submarines), agreed that it was an excellent idea. The newspaper company detached experienced members of their editorial staff to produce the paper, with the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines).

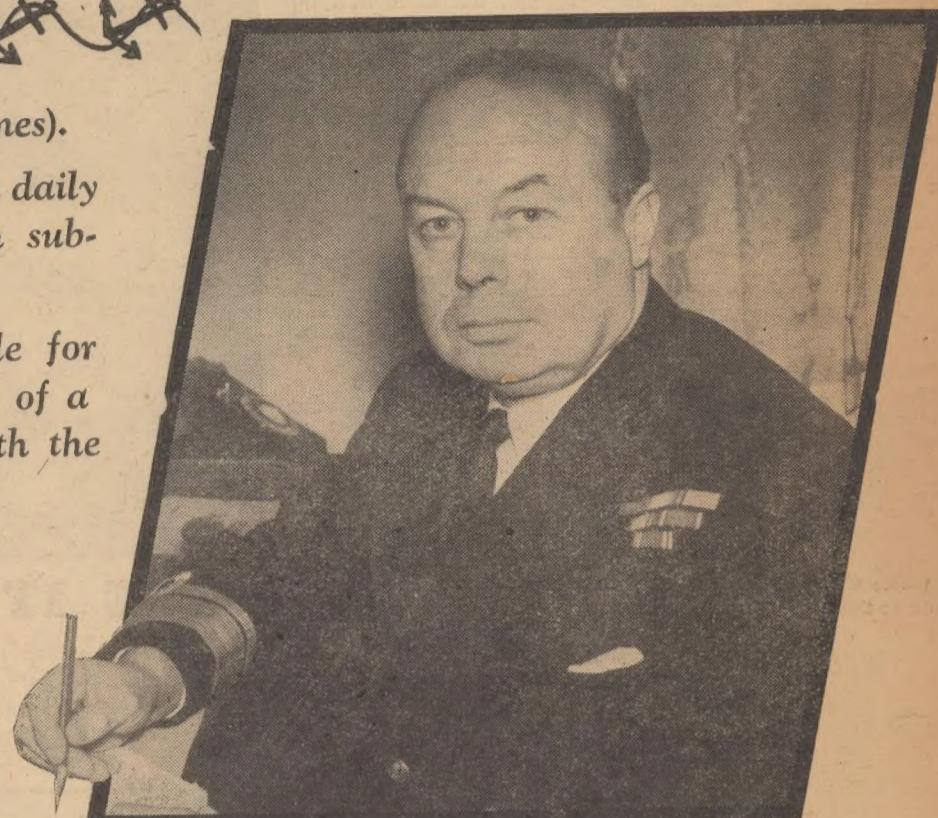
The first number of that daily paper for submarines is now presented, and I take the opportunity of expressing the thanks of the Submarine Service to those who are providing this novel publication, which I am sure will be read with the greatest interest and pleasure in our submarines at sea and aboard submarine depot ships.

I hope all concerned will co-operate in this enterprise by ensuring that the paper is distributed daily in series as numbered, and passed from one to another, so that all will have an opportunity of reading it. I am sure the publishers will appreciate any views or suggestions, or any little personal items of interest which would make it in every way the British Submariners' own paper.

I wish you all good reading—and good luck.



Rear Admiral



DOWN THE SLIPWAY

By
THE EDITOR

SPEAKING metaphorically, we have bust the bottle squarely over the bows, and "GOOD MORNING," the submariners' own daily paper, is well and truly launched.

There is little doubt that "Good Morning" will "go places" where no other daily paper has gone before, with the most exclusive circle of readers ever served by one publication.

For that reason, it is devised and presented with a one-word objective — entertainment—of a kind which, it is hoped, will shoot a daily shaft of sunlight through the dreariest patrol and the deepest water.

We of the Editorial staff know that, however much you like the contents of "Good Morning" as it is now, you will like them better when you can help us to produce your paper, by telling us what kind of features you favour. More puzzles? More hobbies? More sports features? Scientific articles? Nature and wild life stories? More jokes? More brain teasers? More fiction?

In future issues we have arranged to give you a selection of all these and other items—besides the continuity of the strip cartoons begun to-day.

If you have contributions or ideas, we have the means of putting them in printable form, provided they are not political and do not infringe Service or Security laws, and provided that to all ranks they are—entertainment!

Suppose, therefore, you have any notions for joke-drawings, but cannot draw; send them

through to us in the form of the merest scribbles, or just explain them in words, and leave the rest to our artists. If, on the other hand, you are a capable writer, and have something which you think will interest other submariners—send it in, even in pencil.

Particularly we would like to hear from crews who find a way to run their Brains Trust and Puzzlers Contests—and still run a submarine. We have given you something to start on, and we hope to hear how you organise your teams and count up your scores.

Although "Good Morning" comes to you as a daily paper, it is not dated, and its sequence of issue is indicated by the number beside the title on the front page. By a consecutive series of these numbers, the serial nature of strip cartoons, answers to puzzles and such features, may be followed daily.

The address for all your correspondence is: "Good Morning, Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1."



"Bouncy" says: "I'll see ya getta reply, lads."

Periscope Page

THIS is going to be mainly a page of pastimes. Here you will find things to do, things to discuss, new fields to explore, new and old ways of using up your spare hours. Mostly this page will be entertainment, but there will be enlightenment, too—entertaining enlightenment.

There will be puzzles for those who want to wrestle with our puzzle-setters. Chess problems, draughts problems, arithmetical problems... Work out your solutions to-day, and to-morrow see how right or wrong you were.

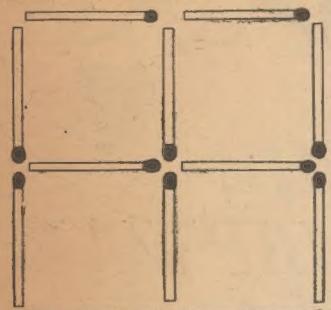
TEASER TIME

THE CHRISTMAS SHOPPER.

A young married man fancied himself buying the bird for their first Christmas dinner, so he went along to the market. Unfortunately, he met several friends on the way, celebrated heavily, and came home with a goose, two ducks and three chickens. His wife didn't mind very much, because she was still at the experimental stage, and if she went wrong roasting the duck there was still plenty to go at.

"It's all right, dear," her husband reassured her. "I only paid £2 for the lot. It was a bargain. Two ducks and three chickens were the same price as three geese, and three chickens cost as much as two ducks. Work it out, dear."

What was the price of a goose, a duck and a chicken?



Move three matches and leave three complete squares.
Answer in No. 2.

Help if you can

Over and above all, this is your page in your magazine. Suggestions and material are welcomed. If you send us an ingenious puzzle, or write something useful and readable, we shall be glad to use it. We can't pay you, but we can probably send you a book worth having, to mark the occasion.

We invite you to shape this page and its contents the way you want it.

HOWARD THOMAS.

TAKE A TIP—

Playing Snooker is like rifle-shooting

By JOE DAVIS (World's Snooker Champion, 1927-43)

YOU'VE fired your course on a rifle range? Good. Then I can easily help you to improve your snooker game. In fact, if you're just a moderate player I can improve your game by at least a black, perhaps two blacks, right away. The first lesson you were taught on the range was to keep dead still on the shot. That's my first lesson in snooker.

Remember being taught the importance of getting the elbow firmly underneath in support, and the butt dug well into the shoulder? It was pretty obvious to you that if any part of your body moved, the rifle moved, in which case the most accurate sighting wouldn't be the lightest use to you.

Here's how to keep still on the shot at snooker. First, the right leg (the back leg) must be straight, stiff, solid, foot anchored to the ground. That will prevent you lurching forward. Secondly, your bridge must be firm—grip the cloth with your finger-tips, even to the extent of seeing the knuckles turn white. Thirdly, keep your head down and still until after the shot is com-

JANE

THE STRIP-TEASE QUEEN has fallen into the power of Bruno Bigwolf, amorous artist and fanatical Fifth Columnist of the hush-hush airplane factory where Jane has been working with her boy-friend, George Porgie, for the Secret Service.

She is gagged and bound to a chair in his studio while the bearded draughtsman, for whom she has sat as a model, mocks her with the stolen blue prints of a new secret fighter plane which is to be tested on the morrow—by Lucky Strike, French-Canadian test pilot, now lying stunned on the floor!

Will Jane wriggle out of this ticklish situation as easily and gracefully as she divests herself of her clothes from time to time?

Follow the Brains Trust—1

Conducted by HOWARD THOMAS of B.B.C.



GIVE IT A NAME—1

Here's a competition for the whole crew. Get to work on a snappy title for this picture—anything from a descriptive word to a whole limerick. Vote on which is the best entry and send it to us when you get ashore. There will be another to-morrow.

How to write a song

HOW do I begin writing a song?

That question gives rise to many an answer, but what must be understood first and foremost, if your ambitions run in this direction, is, do you want to write a song to please yourself, or a song that will become a popular hit? After all, having gone to the trouble of putting your thoughts and ideas into shape and then on to paper, there is very little gratification only to play it to your closest and most admiring friends.

The greatest thrill

The greatest thrill is to hear it on the lips of the man in the street, and of the kid who whistles while he goes on his way. So, let us ask, "How does one write a POPULAR song?" To be perfectly honest, there is no actual formula; no writer of popular music has ever been able to say with honesty that he conforms to a pattern. Public taste is too varied and fickle to do that.

We must, therefore, first cope

By HUGH CHARLES

Composer of "There'll always be an England," "We Meet Again," "The Navy's Here," "When they Sound the Last All-Clear," etc.

with the most important point when writing a song. What does the public want? It is essential that the writer keeps his finger on the public pulse.

Why songs flop

Countless songs have just fallen by the wayside, not because they have been badly written, or are not good numbers, but because the vogue for the particular subject is one that has no psychological appeal at the time to the public.

If you still feel the urge to write a song that will become popular, let us try to write one together, and perhaps we can discover what the popular song market is in need of right now.

I'll join you again to-morrow, and we can decide on the theme of our song.

NEWEST idea of wartime radio has been the Brains Trust, a panel of five people answering other people's questions, under the guidance of a Question Master. The procedure is straightforward. The questions are given to the Question Master and he reads them out. The Brains Trust have no advance knowledge of the questions, and their answers must be spontaneous. Whoever has an answer to give raises his hand, waiting until the Question Master calls on him to speak.

The Question Master's word must be accepted as final when he decides that a question has been answered, or has stumped the Brains Trust.

The Brains Trust idea has supplanted the debating society, for all over Britain hundreds of local Brains Trusts have been formed; Army Brains Trusts, Village Brains Trusts, Factory Brains Trusts, and so on. And now your own Submarine Brains Trust, limited, as it must be, by those difficulties of the Service with which you have to contend.

Beat the Brains Trust

By the kind permission of the B.B.C., we are reproducing questions put to the famous and original Brains Trust.

To start you off, there will also be quotations from some of the answers, or, at times, some of the failures to give a satisfactory answer.

Perhaps you can beat the Brains Trust. Even if you can't, even if you don't, you'll start up a lot of thought, and from that you have only to gain. So good luck to your Submarine Brains Trust.

One of the Questions broadcast by the B.B.C.: "Why, in the opinion of the Brains Trust, do most men choose beauty before brains when marrying?" Among the answers were:

C. E. M. Joad: "Why? Because most men marry because they fall in love, and what you fall in love with are not brains, but with beauty! And you do that because of well-known biological reasons—the life force puts the bait of beauty on the hook, you swallow it, and before you know where you are, here you are tied up in marriage with somebody with different tastes, different thoughts, different aspirations—in fact, without a single pursuit in common!"

Julian S. Huxley: "Yes, I think that Joad's answer is biologically sound, though I would have put it slightly differently. It is clear that there is a selection—what Darwin called sexual selection—which has been operating in order to give advantage in mating and leaving descendants, and beauty is one of the things which are being generated as a result of this process of sexual selection. And then women add to it a little artificially, and the result is as Joad has said."

And now—what has your Brains Trust to say about it?

QUIZ for today

1. How many feet in a fathom?
2. Do you know what is the meaning of "fourth estate"?
3. What is the main ingredient of rum?
4. Why was the month of September so called?
5. Which part of the world is richest in diamond production?
6. By what race was the boomerang invented?
7. What words did Ali Baba use to open the door of the cave?
8. What English actor was the first to be knighted?
9. Finish the sentence: "Music hath charms"
10. In what part of the world is the Garden of Eden said to have been?
11. What State in America is called "The Free State"?
12. Who was the first person to fly across the English Channel in a 'plane?

How did you fare? Compare your answers with those we publish to-morrow.

Send your stories, jokes, puzzles and ideas to the Editor



Beelzebub Jones

"CRIME DON'T PAY!"—This is the simple slogan of the celebrated Beelzebub Jones, Sheriff of Deadwood Gulch, and his trusty henchmen, Lemuel Hawkins, the straight-flushing gambler, and Three-Gun Zeke, dead-shot gunman with the one track mind.

The three musketeers of the Wild West have recently established a new code of law in Deadwood Gulch based on the assumption that any one who wears a bowler hat is inevitably a criminal!

They have already brought a number of bowler-hatted badmen to book, and have now surrounded the bulk of the gang, with their chief—"the Brain"—in an old Indian fort. The besiegers consist of our three inseparables, the members of the jury, and Professor Zoomo, spandule-hunter and authority on other stratospheric phenomena.

**Belinda**

WITCHES HATCH is supposed to be haunted by an old witch who was walled-up in the ancient manor three centuries ago. The ghostly hag has made a midnight attack on innocent little Belinda Blue-eyes, temporary guest of old Silas Shaman, miser, solitary and reputed "necromancer."

Belinda distrusts Shaman's interest in Blitz Hotel, where she is helping to look after the warorphans, and in particular his intention to adopt Baby Christopher, whom she has discovered to be the child of a mysterious Nurse Brown. The mother originally abandoned the baby to Belinda in a railway carriage, but later, unable to bear being parted from her infant son, turned up at the home in the capacity of a nurse.

After the witch has "disappeared," a cry from below brings Belinda down to Shaman's study, where she finds the old man in a state of collapse.

**Popeye**

"I YAM WHAT I YAM" is the confident motto of Popeye the Sailorman—even when he is filling the unaccustomed role of "Yambassador" to the court of little King Zex the ZIXTH on an uncharted island in an unknown sea!

Popeye is accompanied as usual on this fantastic adventure by his invariable circle of crazy companions—the inimitable, imperturbable J. Wellington Wimpy (a glutton for Hamburgers), girl-friend Olive Oyl, gentle Aunt Jones, and, of course, the near-moron Oscar.

This last-named nitwit is at the moment engaged in a flirtatious diversion with a mermaid!

**Ruggles**

MEET THE RUGGLES!—They are an ordinary middle-class family such as you might find in any suburban street in England. There is Ruggles himself, honest, simple-minded but sometimes shrewish season-ticket holder and Home Guard; his good wife, Gladys; their gay daughter, Maisie, and likely young feller-me-lad of a son, Herbert; and at the moment, Greta, glamour-girl friend of the family.

Yet the respectable Ruggles, through a chance meeting with one Shekelgraber, Black Markeeteer, and his partner in luxury, Mitzi, has recently found himself a director of a chain of crooked companies!

But there is no doubt that Ruggles, with his homely commonsense and innate integrity, will eventually extricate himself from these financial backwaters.



HEARD THIS ONE?

An antique dealer, on a visit to a friendly rival, carefully unwrapped a piece of wood, which he exhibited with a triumphant air.

"Look at that—a genuine piece of Noah's Ark—bet you've never seen anything like that before."

The rival opened a drawer and took from it an identical sample, which was even larger. "Had it for years," he said.

Crestfallen, but by no means beaten, Dealer No. 1 then produced a small square of silk material. "Well, anyhow, here's something you haven't got—a piece of Cleopatra's nightgown."

Dealer No. 2 went to wardrobe and brought out yards of faded silk of identical pattern. "No use, old chap, you can't put one over on me," he said.

The first dealer silently and slowly unwrapped a casket, opened the lid, and disclosed two round, withered, mummified objects, placing them in front of his rival without a word.

"What are they?" the rival asked.

"Nebuchadnezzar's eyeballs—both of them," was the reply.

Two golfers began their game the reverse way—at the 19th—with staggering results. Nevertheless they turned out and started off from No. 1 tee. Half-way round the course the following conversation took place:

1st Player: "Have you (hic) Have you kept the score, Bill?"

2nd Player: "No (hic), have you?"

1st Player: "Well, how do we stand?"

2nd Player: "Dunno (hic)—isn't it miraculous?"



They were showing him round the line, somewhere in Tunisia, and had reached the front sector, right opposite Jerry. In whispered voice, the corporal said, "Just over there are the German lines."

"How far, would you say, corp.?" he asked.

"Not more than a hundred yards."

"And how far's headquarters, corp.?"

"Well, I should say about three hundred yards."

"Suits me fine," replied the newcomer.

"What the hell you mean... suits you fine?" asked the corporal.

"Well... no blighter can give me a hundred yards in three hundred and catch me," was the casual reply.

The German family had finished dinner. "We'll say Grace," said the father. "Thank God and Herr Hitler for our daily bread."

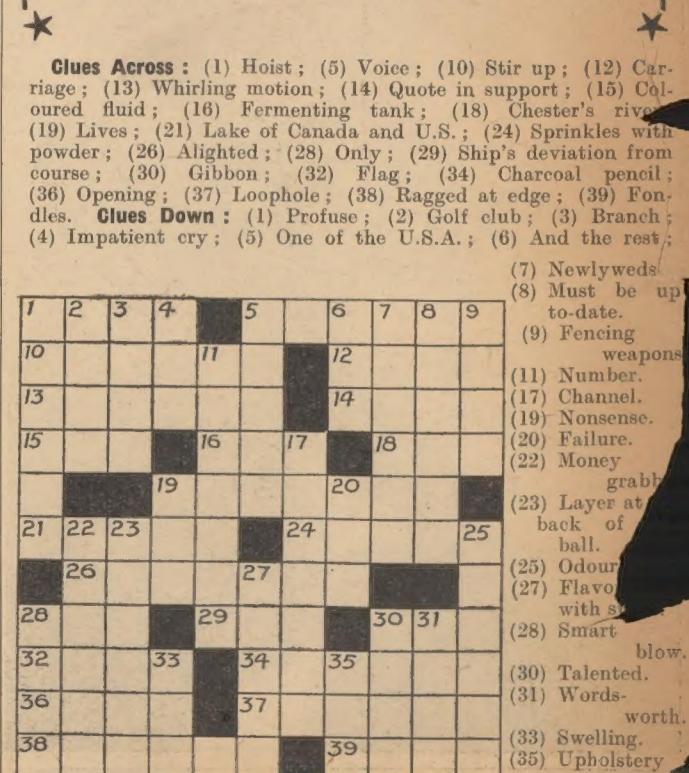
"Amen," said little Erna. "What shall we do after tea?"

"You must say the same after every meal," enjoined father.

Erna sat lost in thought for a few moments. Then, "What shall we say when Herr Hitler dies?" she asked.

"Just 'Thank God,'" said father.

CROSSWORD CORNER



VE OVER MA—
COMES PA!"



he does—just back
nuisance raid on a
com for his two-point
but judging from the
his face, he's confident
he'll make it!

Three horse power hauls a few tons through a tricky piece of our native soil—a glimpse of picture-worthy Britain which may prove a refreshing change from the rolling ocean. You can almost smell the steaming earth as the spring sun warms it, after the April showers that made the going just too hard for the tractor.



COME & GET IT

Semaphore saves steps perhaps—for this postman seems to be signalling to the lighthouse keeper. Maybe it's only a circular—or a tax demand so what would you do? There are no prizes for your answer.



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

Move your cloak, Miss,
I want to see the man
fall off the lighthouse!



"The Windmill" we mean, where the show is always clever and never unclean. Margot is resting in her dressing-room while rehearsing for her speciality act in Revuedeville No. 162—now running in London. There's a story about Margot, but we will tell you that later.

Margot o' the 'mill